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THE DAY OF GRADUATING.

They are gone, and we are going all
Like flowers we wither and like leaves we fall.
Crabbe.

The time has almost arrived when another brood of our Alma Mater, having been thoroughly instructed, are about to fly of themselves. It is customary, on such an occasion, to be very sentimental, and to talk about leaving interesting scenes, and the breaking up of fond associations. This is all well, and this leave-taking may be like the ending of a pleasant visit, when many regrets are cast behind us. But we are inclined to think that a joy similar to that derived from the anticipation of again seeing our home, arises in the breast of the student, whose leashes are slipt, and who is about to hunt for himself. The truth is, it is hard to bid adieu to old friends, and to untie the bonds of scholastic union; but a far greater part of the sorrow and sentiment, at such a time, comes from the uninitiated, or those who have tried the world and are weary of it, than from the graduates of the day. They are tired of the four years of the monotonous sound of preparation, and are anxious, and burning to tempt the untried scenes of busy life. After spending the customary period in forming their little barque, and learning how to navigate it, they long to launch it on the ocean of the world. And although the waves run high, and the signals of despair.

raised by their tempest-tossed predecessors, are numerous and warning, nothing would persuade them to resign their chance, and sleep away their three score years and ten, even in the pleasing shades of academic bowers.

There are, moreover, other thoughts crowding into the minds of those who have finished their collegiate course, which drive out many fond regrets, and prevent some pleasing reminiscences. The time has come "when they must choose whom they will serve." It is now necessary to select a profession for life, and the duty presses heavily on the heart. One turns his eye towards the healing art, and deep despondency comes over him when he sees how numerous is the class he desires to join, and how high must be his attainments to gain even a pittance of fame. Another looks to the courts of justice, and almost sickens into despair when he finds how they are crowded, and how many have labored and labored in vain. A third would become a teacher of the lessons of heaven; but the bitterness of controversy, the zeal of professors, and the hollowness of practice, that are abroad in the world, cast a cloud over the future. The field into which he is to thrust his sickle is so fruitful of tares, that the wheat is choked, and little can be gathered into the garner. Notwithstanding the number of laborers, he begins to realize the melancholy truth, that the harvest is small. The battle against vice is so fearful, that were it not for the call of duty, the hope of an immortal reward, he would fain shrink from the contest.

There is, however, a deep expectation mingled with the dread of the future. And though the way is dark and desolate, an irresistible impulse urges him to begin the march. He feels an unconquerable desire to add his weak endeavours to dispel the gloom. Ambition's trumpet calls, sounds long and loud, and pleading virtue beckons him onward. It would be deserting the duty of existence, it would be showing a want of moral courage, to falter or go back. The dead and the dying lie around, but their fate is only another reason for pressing forward, another argument for high and persevering efforts. Although others have labored without him, and wasted every thing in the cause, still we are called upon for the same devotion, for the same sacrifice. Well may these absorbing convictions put out all tender emotions.

When the darkness of the future is to be explored, there is little time, and less inclination, to look back upon the bright scenes of the past. The training is over, and however pleasing may have been the preparation, the race to be run will allow of no fond regrets. The sternness of the warrior must and will banish the tears with which the memory of days that are gone would moisten the eye.

Perhaps there is no period in life more interesting, more crowded with anxious forebodings which stifle all sighs of regret, than when we are standing on the threshold of our father's house, bidding the last farewell before we begin our lonely journey, when every thing is to depend on ourselves alone. Yet there is a call of necessity that cannot be hushed, a glow of ardor that will not be quenched. To leave is hard, but to stay would be harder and pusillanimous. We have been led long enough, and eagerly do we tear off the garments of youth, and put on the "*toga virilis*." "I would shed a tear at parting," is the language of the graduate, "but the all-absorbing future forbids me. I would cast behind me a 'long, lingering look of regret,' but the difficulties which are to come occupy my whole soul."

Yet amidst all this darkness, there is a little light. The reverence paid to the faithful minister of God, and his own inward peace; the few that sit on the high places of virtuous ambition, and are honored by the people; and those that have obtained the love of mankind by their benevolent exertions, and are to go down to posterity as the dispensers of the greatest of all blessings, are living and cheering examples and encouragements to those who are willing to be bold and industrious. The golden apple of fame is worth striving for, although the competitors may be myriads in number. The task is difficult, but the reward is great; the labor is finite, but the recompense is everlasting. With such thoughts and such excitements, he must be indeed a coward who would wish to creep back to the quiet uniformity of college life.

Let it not be thought, that we would derogate in aught from the pleasures of our literary infancy, that we would jeer at the tears which old men shed over the sunny hours of youth. O no! there is that within us, even now, which tells that we shall, ere long, do the same in bitterness. We feel thus early the "noiseless step of time," falling heavily on our

hopes, and crushing our fairest works. But nevertheless, such is the progressive character of the mind, such its longings for action, and such the fascinations which are spread around the hours when we are to think and act for ourselves, that we doubt whether the graduate feels all the misery of parting, whether he is sensible of all the joys he is leaving behind.

The remarks we have made apply to the commencement of the career of life; but there is a time when men look back on the days of childhood, and the four years spent at college, with a melancholy eye. This is when they have weighed the world and found it wanting. Hopes have been blasted one after another; high efforts have been baffled again and again; motives have been continually misconstrued; support after support has been broken down; friends have deserted us or been consigned to the tomb; affection has grown cold; property has fled; until, naked, wasted, stript of all that was dear, with the grave yawning before us, we look back over the desert of existence to that bright spot which blooms in lasting freshness. Then, then it is, that the floodgates of grief are opened, and the tears fall many and bitter. We would not willingly cast a gloom over life; we would not call up ghastly spectres to throw a damp upon the enthusiasm of youth; but we fear we are only repeating the sad story of experience; a story, to the truth of which almost every one, whose hairs are silvered with age, sighs forth his testimony.

Even this looking back may be more sad to some than to others. For him who has well improved every hour, who has laid up stores of immortal thought, whose path has been straight, and whose step firm from conscious rectitude, there is a bright consolation, which enables him to rise above the surrounding gloom, to a heaven of his own creation. While the retrospect is far more dreary to him who has misspent his time, and let slip the golden hours of opportunity, who feels that he has gathered the gaudy but withering blossoms, instead of lasting fruit from the tree of knowledge. The thoughtlessness of youth may smile at these sad reflections, but we are persuaded that all have felt them, and we would not banish them because they ill accord with the recklessness of early days.

It has been the singular lot of one to be the only survivor

of his classmates, and the only living graduate of our venerable university. In him may be seen a living picture of what we have attempted imperfectly to describe. Perhaps his way has been more in joy than in sorrow; but if he has felt no hours of sadness, experienced no harsh reverses, he has been blessed above all others. We think it must be a melancholy pleasure to him, to stand thus the connecting link between the generations past, and the generations to come; to wander about in the grave-yard of time, and trace on the moss-covered tomb-stone the names of his long buried class mates, and drop a tear over their death and their sorrows. And we think it must be a still greater pleasure to him to look around and see how, during his single life, knowledge has, in his native land, grown from infancy into a strong and promising youth. Few of those who now linger about the walls of Harvard, will remain like him. But some *one* may, some *one* may be spared, to give the traditionary tale of college life to our posterity. And blessed and enviable will indeed be the melancholy pleasure of *him* who is to be that favored *one*.

T. B.

PROPER PERSONS.

There are folks, Mr. Mannering, before whom one should take care how he plays the fool—because they have too much malice or too little wit.
Guy Mannering.

The sort of persons here described is one frequently to be met with in society. They may be recognised by certain infallible signs; a portentous length of visage, a stiff and formal carriage, an air of wisdom which they endeavor to throw into their language upon the most common-place and every-day topics. These people are always upon their stilts; always towering and lofty; always, if I may so say, dressed for company. One more important particular in the character of the men we are considering is, that they are usually shallow: for you always suspect that there is some weak part in him who, by his chilling and forbidding manners, keeps every one at a distance. I should set down that man for a fool or a

knave who is always reserved and stately; cool and cautious in uttering his sentiments; who is shy and reserved, or pompous and distant. A man of this sort is always leading the conversation to the most elevated subjects; discourses in well-set phrases and finely-turned periods; deals largely in general truths and sweeping assertions; and maintains his dangerous elevation by the aid of certain old maxims, with which he is perpetually garnishing his own meagre thoughts.

Men were not made to be always upon parade; to keep every feature and gesture composed into the gravity and sedateness of wisdom. The fact, "that no man is a hero to his own valet de chambre," does not derogate in the least from the dignity of our nature. Though these "men in buckram," as I may well call them, may tell us that conviviality is vulgarity, that wit is buffoonery, that a game at cross questions is puerile, yet I would rather see men of great parts engaged in such sports as these, than a circle where all warmth of feeling is frozen by a foolish pride, and all that is light and gay in conversation giving place to the affectation and conceit of the inimitable Baron of Bradwardine.

Such men as Sir Lofty may easily be distinguished in a party of merry-makers. You will find him sitting moody in a corner, croaking like some bird of ill omen, muttering about the necessity of maintaining a proper dignity in public, sneering at a jest which he could not equal, pretending disgust at merriment in which he cannot sympathize, and deciding in his own mind that he is the only individual who supports and represents the dignity of human nature. Poor inflated man! Thou dost not even play the part which thou hast studied, the part of the great man; for know, that he who truly merits the title, is never afraid of degrading himself by innocent mirth, or sullying his reputation by breaking a jest with a friend.

These "knights of the rueful countenance" have yet to learn, among other things, that a sour, puritanical visage is no mark of wisdom; that never to smile, never to jest, will not make a man a philosopher; that to retail old saws is not to be brilliant in conversation. They have to learn that there is as much true genius, as much real dignity of character, to be shown at a merry rout, as in the court room or the senate house. In truth, a great man never looks half so en-

gaging, half so attractive, as when throwing aside his books, unbending his furrowed brow, he drowns for a season the noise of the forum in the merry laugh and playful jest. We can approach him now without awe; we feel more upon a level, more at ease in his company. Not that I would insinuate, that our veneration for the man is at all impaired, but I mean that we see him from a different point of view, that we witness those passions and feelings only, which are common to us all, while the sterner and loftier traits of character are for a time thrown into the shade. And when next we meet this man in public, the recollection that he has unbent himself in our company, so far from degrading, tends to raise him in our estimation. We did but admire him before, we love and esteem him now.

Away then with these cynics, who would tell us that we can never throw aside for a time formality and punctilio, without throwing our reputation after them; that we must leave jesting and trifling to fools and clowns. Alas! poor men; their shallowness and insignificance peep out through the flimsy covering in which they are enveloped by pride.

REMARKS UPON THE CLASSICS.

——— Ch. Audivi jam omnia. Da. Anne tu omnia?
Ch. Audivi inquam a principio. Da. Audistin' obsecro?
Andria, Act 4, *Scene* 4.

When we speak of the character and writings of the Ancients, we do not mean to recommend either for indiscriminate imitation to the Moderns. Educated, as we have been, to the study of Greek and Latin for years, we are not therefore wedded to a blind admiration of those languages, or those who spoke and wrote them. The remarks here offered are few, and not more than are believed to be true. We do not suppose the Ancients superior to the Moderns; and in many respects we acknowledge they were inferior. We prefer infinitely our own ideas of things, and have every reason in the world to be satisfied with our present condition and prospects. The very discreet way with which our country-

men sit down to count the cost of a house before they begin to build it, is a very great improvement upon the old-fashioned plan of trusting to Fate. A boy's wit may be much better cultivated by study than stealing, though the Spartans thought differently.—We never admired the plan among some of the ancient lawyers, of having a musician at their backs in court to set the tune, and we hold that our deliberative assemblies, our colleges and schools, our going to church regularly twice on a Sunday, with many other peculiarities, constitute a happy distinction between us. But then it is a very foolish fashion to talk so much against the Ancients and their writings. It is a symptom of bad taste, and argues a too extravagant fondness for the lighter productions of our own days. We know that many who have never studied them at all, and many who have studied them but partially, are convinced (very much more strongly than this circumstance entitles them to be) that no possible good can come from *dead* languages. The very name seems to frighten them. They think of them as of some mortal substances that have lost their vitality. We are as strongly convinced as they can wish we *should* be that *they* never will see any possible good in them. But all who are familiar with them, all who love truth and goodness and greatness, all who love eloquence and power and beauty, see much good in them. The dead languages have no claim upon our admiration because they are old, but because they are useful, because they are excellent, because they are pregnant with thought and feeling, which we heartily wish could be more and more transfused into the compositions of our own times.

We have always had a great respect for the men who lived so many centuries before us, and who lived to such good purpose. We love their virtues supremely, and sometimes almost love their faults—they were the faults of the age. We look to the motive, and pardon the action. Their history has exercised and does still exercise, a tremendous influence upon their posterity. Their language is only nominally dead, —it still breathes inspiration into our own, and the very men who tell us to throw up their works, are unthankful appropriators of their thoughts. From them they learn

"To point a Moral, and adorn a Tale."

It has been urged with more plausibility than correctness, that time has wrought such a thorough change in society, in speaking and acting, upon all subjects and all occasions, that there is nothing in the character of the ancients or their writings at all applicable to us. Their writings, it is said, are necessarily superseded by the greater advances of a more refined age. All our institutions, civil, literary, and religious, are different, and there is hardly the faintest resemblance in any particular between us. Young men are not trained to the Olympic Games, though they are to gymnastics. They are not sent into the Campus Martius, but to college. It is intellectual and not physical force that now conquers the world. Why then go to those for instruction with whom we have so little common feeling? But such talk is idle. We owe much to the ancients. Our literature has been formed upon theirs. From all their institutions we have borrowed something;—we have taken a hint here and a hint there, and carried out the great inquiries they had started. And we have not learned out yet. We must go again and again to quench our thirst at their wells of living waters. It must be confessed, however humiliating the confession may be, that our sickly appetite for novelty, our affectation of fine thoughts and fine actions, together with our fine clothes and fine dinners, bear a sorry comparison with the originality, the sincerity, the grand simplicity of an age, by which it is professed we are too wise to be taught.

To study human nature well, we must see it under the different changes of circumstance, locality, and disposition. We cannot expect to find pure morality where the light of revelation never dawned. We cannot expect to find great advances in knowledge, where the means of acquiring knowledge are not disseminated. When we look at a people as they really are, we should think of what they had the means of being. In time of war we do not expect to find their lands highly cultivated, their trade brisk, their literature improving, for these are the effects of peace. In looking at the effect let us look at the cause. With all our moral and intellectual superiority, we can yet learn of the ancients. There is instruction and pleasure to be drawn from a review of the ages that are gone—in tracking improvement in its slow and sure march. By drawing comparisons between times past and

present, we shall find they do not so much flatter our pride as command our admiration. We shall find that greatness has sprung up every where, and in all ages, under a burning sky and Bœotian atmosphere, and amidst all the obstructions of a corrupt and barbarous community. Neither power, nor poverty, nor oppression could keep it down. In rude ages,—the ages of poetry and nature,—the mind, cradled amidst the airs of the mountains, has risen in its native strength, putting forth energies that droop under the nursing hand of education, like flowers transplanted from their native soil.

We love ourselves inordinately. We talk loudly and rhetorically and justly too of the growth of intellect among us; and stand up conceitedly to measure heights with any country. It was not long since our opinions with regard to our scholars and great men, were but the echoes of English criticism. We repeated our lessons like fainthearted schoolboys fearful of the lash;—but now we are gaining confidence every day. We can hold up our heads and speak without a prompter, occasionally sparring with the scientific, and showing home-spun fabric without blushing. This is all well and natural. We *have* grown great, but we have been many years about it, and we now look back almost hopelessly upon the eloquence and histories of the ancients, upon the sculpture, architecture, poetry, and drama of their best days, which have hardly yet been rivalled. More refined than they, we are more indolent, and less original—we follow where they led. We are building upon the results of the study and labor of centuries, and it will be long, long, before the doings of our predecessors will cease to exercise an influence upon our own. Our steam engines are masterly things we know, but so were the engines of Archimedes, which, by a power greater than steam, sunk the Roman fleet to the bottom of the ocean, and forced Marcellus not to assault but to shut up Syracuse.

It is for these reasons, thus imperfectly offered, with others that have recently been before the public copiously, that we would bespeak a little more respect for the ancients and the dead languages. We should be sorry to see those volumes given to the dust and the worm, which have done so much for the first scholars of the age. C.

LETTER FROM A COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

[It will be perceived by our erudite readers, that this correspondence between two worthy "jacket trimmers," was carried on in "auld lang syne," and, therefore, it must be considered in reference to the circumstance of the time (which is the only philosophical method of determining upon the merits of any literary performance), inasmuch as there are several expressions in the following epistle, which, however just when referred to the *ancien regime*, are by no means applicable to the present time. We deem it proper to give this hint to our readers, lest some of them should imagine that the "creature" grievances complained of, exist even to this day; whereas we believe it to be true, that they are now as things that are gone, yea, veiled in the mist of uncertain and fabulous antiquity.]

M———, January, 18—.

Dear Chum,

I received your promised letter through the medium of a post-office, situated *only* eight miles from my present tabernacle. This would be a very comfortable distance, were it not, that the road being little travelled and the snow immeasurably deep, I have, in traversing it, the fatigue of riding without its pleasure, or the misery of walking without its excitement. Our lot has cast us, Chum, at opposite points of the compass, for while you are domiciliated on the coast, I am situated at least 60 miles in the interior. But each of us seems to have mournful occasion to say with Gloster, "*Now* is the winter of our *discontent*," without either being able to repeat another line of his soliloquy.—You will recollect that you left Cambridge three weeks before me. Those weeks passed off unmarked by any thing extraordinary. Each night, with blear-eyed assiduity, I groaned through a lesson in "Optics," and having learned it, so as to "get it off my mind," as —— says, slept as soundly as college dreams will permit one, till the morning prayer bell, with its tolling horrors, sent me to recitation, with a mind as perfectly free from the impression of a single optical illusion, as if the *Mirage* of Enfield had never crossed my sight. Three mortal times each day, did commons bell call me to another department of painful duty. Breakfast came, with its doughy rolls, its rancid butter, and that mysterious liquid, which a crack-brained

college rhymster, misled by some fancied resemblance, had the absurdity to nickname *coffee*—therein affording a mournful proof how far the human intellect may wander, and how little of common sense poets generally possess. I say nothing of dinner, with its multifarious soup, and its *fair-haired pudding*, or of supper, with its toasted shingles, and its tartar-emetical tea.

At length, the day of my departure arrived, and I took my seat in the stage at two o'clock in the morning. The weather was cold as Lapland, and there was just enough snow on the ground, to make the roads unfit either for wheels or runners. My fellow stage sufferers were four students, and an Episcopal priest and his wife from Trois Rivieres, in Canada. This priest was a fine specimen of the bulky dignity, supposed to belong, by hereditary right, to the clergy of the established church. If not a ship of the line, he was certainly a frigate of the largest class. His helpmeet could not be called his better *half*—if at all better, she was his better *quarter*.—My fellow-students had been engaged at a "blow" till the stage horn had summoned them to depart. I had been unable to sleep, from the thoughts of my approaching fate. Of course, we were about as sleepy a set as ever I saw nodding at each other, with open-mouthed satisfaction, on a hot summer's afternoon, under the droppings of soothing and soporific instruction. The old gentleman and his lady occupied the hinder seat. Myself and one more, being unable to ride backwards, were obliged to sit on the middle seat, which was not furnished with a back. Of course we were at the mercy of every lurch, which our crazy and top-heavy vehicle chose to make, in rolling over the ruts of a very bad road. At times, overcome by extreme cold, and our late watching, we all dropped asleep. But we were soon awakened by some roll of our stage, which brought five heads together in ruinous contact. Every time I broke my own head, I was so unfortunate as to plant my brass boot-heel upon the gouty toe of the priest, who occupied a post at my rear. On each occasion, I received a "God bless you, sir," apparently uttered with great fervor and unaffected sincerity—a benediction, which I prized the more, as it came from so respectable a source, and seemed to breathe so much of the spirit of the precept "love your enemies."—Morning at length broke, and

exposed a region of pine stumps, rocks, and log huts. The lumbering of our wheels brought the inmates of the latter to the windows, and we saw one tow-head after another displace the old hats, disbanded breeches, and veteran petticoats, which served to shut out the light, till the whole front of each hovel was transformed into solid columns of *animated* heads. I was most of the day engaged in speculating upon the influence exerted by rocks, stumps, and log-huts to increase the rapidity of population. The result of my cogitations I may hereafter lay before the public, under the title of "New Ideas on Population." I half projected, too, a new treatise on *log-arithms*, in which I shall attempt to show, from the reason of the thing, that this term was first used by some bard of a barbarous age, and of a country like that I have described, who entitled a poem, descriptive of the most striking features in the scenery of his region, "log-a-rithms." The idea struck me, too, that the scene of the old ballad of "Chevy Chase" must have been laid in a country like this, and that the stanza relating to Witherington had been corrupted, and should be read thus.

"Of Witherington I needs must speak,
As one in doleful dumps,
For syne his legs were all too short,
He fought upon the stumps."

But my limits oblige me to close here. You shall hear from me again soon. Meanwhile,

I remain yours, &c.

M. B.

NOTICES OF AMERICAN POETS—No. 2.

One likes to hunt out an author, if he be dead, in obituaries and biographical dictionaries; to chase him from his birth; to be in at his death, and learn what other offspring of his brain survive him.

Gaities and Gravities.

REV. JOHN ADAMS.

It is mortifying to human pride to observe the quick decay of even the most flourishing fame; and to see in how short a time, names, to which an honorable immortality has been

promised by partial friendship or ill-judging popular opinion, have been entirely effaced from the remembrance of men, and rendered "as a thing that is not." An humble instance of this may be found in the case of the subject of the present Notice.

John Adams, a learned and pious divine, and author of some tolerable poetry, died at Cambridge, in the year 1740, at the early age of thirty-six years. His pall was supported by the Fellows of Harvard College, and his funeral attended by the Lieut. Governor and many other state officers, followed by the President, members, and students of the University. These scanty relics,—the dates of his birth and death, and an account of the honors paid to his remains,—are now nearly all that can be gathered concerning one, of whom a contemporary speaks in the following language:—

"But sufficient to perpetuate his memory to the latest posterity, are the immortal writings and composures of this departed gentleman; who, for his genius, his learning, and his piety, ought to be enrolled in the highest class on the catalogue of Fame."

His poems were collected in 1745, and published with the following motto.—"Hæc placuit semel, hæc decies repetita placebit." They consist chiefly of translations from the Old Testament,—with a few imitations of Horace, and several original pieces on sacred subjects. From an "Address to the Supreme Being" for assistance in the composition of his poems, we will extract a few lines as a favorable specimen of his versification.

"May I not write too little, or too much,
But paint with care, not with a hasty touch.
May all my thoughts be rather just than high,
And never let me rove when I should fly.
But yet secure me from the low extreme
Of writing lower than becomes my theme.
Through all my works, let order clearly shine,
And let me know the reason of each line."

The following lines, taken from a translation of the first Ode of Horace, are very melodious.

"The coolness of the rural scenes,
The smiling flowers and evergreens,

And sportful dances, all inspire
My soul with more than vulgar fire;
If sweet Euterpe give her flute,
And Polyhymnia lend her lute."

MATHER BYLES.

Mather Byles was born in Boston, on the 15th of March, 1706, and graduated at Harvard College in the year 1725. After leaving College he divided his time between literary pursuits and his theological studies till December 1732, when he was ordained the first pastor of a new church in Hollis Street. He continued with this society till the year 1776, when he was compelled to leave it on account of his inclining to the unpopular side in politics. He formed no new connexion with any parish either during or after the Revolution; he died in Boston, July 5, 1788, in the 82d year of his age. He is represented as being tall, well-proportioned, graceful, and commanding in his person; of a strong and clear voice, and inferior to none of his time in the requisites for a pulpit orator.

Besides his professional distinctions, he was celebrated on both sides of the Atlantic as a writer of essays in prose and verse, as a gentleman, a scholar, and a wit. He corresponded with Watts and Pope, and in 1765 had the degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred on him by the King's College, Aberdeen. Many of his poems and essays were originally published in the New England Journal, under one of the letters composing the word Celoira. A number of his poems were republished in England, and a collection of them was afterwards printed in Boston, in a small volume. His longest poems are the two entitled,—

"A Poem on the Death of George I. and Accession of George II."

"Epistle to the Governor on the Death of his Consort."

We can make but one extract from his works. It is from a short hymn entitled "The Last Tempest."

"Come quickly, blessed hope, appear,
Bid thy swift chariot fly;
Let angels tell thy coming near,
And snatch me to the sky.

Around thy wheels in the glad throng
I'd bear a joyful part;
All hallelujah on my tongue,
All rapture in my heart."

THOMAS GODFREY.

Thomas Godfrey, author of "The Prince of Parthia, a tragedy," and a number of miscellaneous poems, was born in Philadelphia in the year 1736. He was the son of the mathematician of that name, the inventor of the quadrant that has been called Hadley's. His father dying whilst he was young, Godfrey was placed at an English school, where he acquired merely a good acquaintance with his mother tongue. After some time he was placed, as an apprentice, with a watch-maker of his native city; but still he devoted all his leisure time to the study of the English poets. In 1758 he obtained a lieutenancy in the forces raised for the expedition against Du Quesne; in which capacity he served till the provincial troops were disbanded. The ensuing spring he accepted an offer of being settled as a factor in North Carolina. During his residence there he finished his tragedy, and offered it for representation to the company then in Philadelphia. He died in Carolina on the 3d of August 1763; in the 27th year of his age.

His poems possess great merit when considered as the productions of a self-educated youth. They consist principally of short pieces written for the magazines; where they obtained considerable celebrity, and from which many of them were copied with praise into the English periodicals. "The Prince of Parthia," which we have looked through hastily, contains a number of fine passages; but is uninteresting, and very frequently in bad taste. The following curse is powerful.

"O may he never know a father's fondness,
Or know it to his sorrow, may his hopes
Of joy be cut like mine, and his short life
Be one continued tempest; if he lives,
Let him be cursed with jealousy and fear,
And vex'd with anguish of neglecting scorn;

May torturing hope present the flowing cup,
Then hasty snatch it from his eager thirst,
And when he dies base treachery be the means."

His poems were collected after his death, and published at Philadelphia, with a short critique on his writings annexed.

INDIVIDUAL DIFFERENCES OF CHARACTER.

The view we have been led to take of mankind, is one that unites so much to interest, with so much which perplexes, that we engage in it with much distrust. It is not to look at man as the work of the Almighty—the highest of created things that inhabit earth; to view him in his combined physical, moral, or intellectual strength, as enjoying the present, yet communing with the past, and holding a mysterious intercourse with the future; as powerful in what has been done, yet more so in the vast field which still lies before him for the exercise of his ever new and increasing powers. This would be interesting, and comparatively easier than the consideration of those differences which mark individual characters, and prevent mankind from being blended into one indiscriminate homogeneous mass; differences which exist notwithstanding the bond of a common origin and a similar destination—notwithstanding the mutual relation of common feelings and affections and natures. It is thus that we look upon man as the subject of weaker or stronger feelings, as delighting in the indulgence of the refined and delicate affections, or denying "the bond of brotherhood;" as possessing capacities which are small, conceptions feeble, susceptibilities which are dull, or minds which are all vigour and ardor, quick to perceive and strenuous to act; as gifted with powers which make them the giants in intellect, who pile high the huge monuments of their strength, around which their pigmy brethren drag out an insignificant existence, and lie down in "dishonorable graves."

In looking into the causes of these differences, we find it a question more easily asked than answered, whether they arise from the situations in which men are placed, or from original endowments and gifts of the Creator: whether it is probable

that the Deity has said to this man reign, and to that man bend in willing submission; to this rise and with the might of mind astonish and improve the world, and to the other toil and number your appointed days in senseless ignorance; or whether he has given the free gift to every one, and the power to run with equal strength, in the grand contest for all that men call good, or great, or honorable. We will not dare to assume the right of judging whether an equal distribution of mental powers is the only way consistent with justice. We will not assume that there is any incompatibility between unequal endowments and the most perfect well being and happiness of mankind. All men do not require the same fervid feeling. It is not meet that every man should look with a poet's enthusiasm upon the works of nature. It is not necessary that every one should possess the same deep and powerful attachment to country and to kin, and cherish that high patriotism which willingly resigns life when death is glory. Society does not require of every man to be buried in the mysteries of metaphysics, or to walk only in the delightful paths of science. There are relations in life as numerous as the dispositions of men. There are duties to be fulfilled which demand powers as different as the ends to which they are applied. There is happiness every where diffused—not a quality inherent in any one object; not embodied in any definite or substantial form, but, like the cause of love, which "is in no face but in the lover's mind," it is only the reflection from the pure heart which breathes contentment. It is for this happiness that each one lives; and each finds it in the way which nature and inclination and circumstances dictate.

We need not, then, in fear of calling nature partial and capricious, doubt that there are what are called gifted minds; that there are men who, more than others, can grasp at the mighty things in the intellectual world, and like the infant Jupiter, "sport with thunderbolts;" that there are original qualities in some minds, which fit them to be the channels of deep feeling—which enable them to hold converse with nature, and draw from her rich fountain all that is strong and impressive, and to embody in their own thoughts whatever is beautiful in the contemplation of her works, and fit them to be the poets of nature, who "hold the mirror up" to the

mind, reflecting all its bright and glowing forms. Nor should we doubt that there are others whose eye would wander indifferently over the richest scenes, clad in romantic beauty, and their hearts feel no lighter, and turn coldly from the majesty of the mountain and feel no elevation of soul; as unconscious of their magnificence as the beast that roams carelessly among the flowers of the one, or the bird of prey that builds his nest among the cliffs of the other. Nor yet should we doubt that some are endowed with a predisposition to those tender susceptibilities which humanity is heir to, that some are made more sensible to the charms of intercourse, are more alive to generous sympathy, feel more strongly, and impart more willingly, and cherish more assiduously, the mutual kindnesses of friendship; while the cold soil of another's heart chills the growth of the worthy affections, and nurturing nothing that is bright and glowing, the world wears to them a dark and cheerless aspect; a settled gloom seems to hang over man and his actions, and "darkness visible, serves only to discover sights of woe."

That society does not, then, demand a perfect and equal distribution of gifts to every individual, we may with safety believe. But although we cannot deny the existence of a vast diversity in powers of mind, though it is hard to believe that those who, in every age, have been set apart as geniuses, differ in no respect from the thousands who die and are forgotten, yet we think that the mind derives many of its peculiarities and much of its force from the situations in which it acts, and the character of the events with which it is connected. Every object which we contemplate leaves some impression upon the mind, and every occurrence which awakens our interest, excites some feelings. We cannot, indeed, analyse every thought and feeling, and trace back every inclination and propensity to their sources; for numerous are the incidents which affect us in childhood, and influence the conduct long after the circumstances have been forgotten. Our investigations are stopped before we have gone back far enough to see the mind, the passive recipient of external impressions. Multitudes of objects have been presented to the wondering gaze of the infant, numberless processes have been carried through, and the mind, which imparts its peculiarities to the conduct, and identifies the man, has received inclinations and

imbibed tendencies long before the period beyond which it will ever elude the research of the metaphysical and curious.

We well know that peculiar times are marked with the display of peculiar talents. There are always those who evince a spirit which the tone of passing events seems to demand. It needs only the clamors of rebellion, and, as if it were the trumpet-call to action, a hero arises to rule the order of events, and enroll his name with the proud heirs of undying glory. And when great deeds are working among men, and daring enterprises engage the thoughts and feelings, an elevated character is imparted to the interested, and even the calm observer cannot but catch a portion of the spirit which breathes among and animates the aspiring and ardent in the contest for honour, for greatness, or for happiness. The voices which have only been tuned to the soothing strains of harmonious numbers swell with bolder themes, and wars and battle fields, with heroes of "brave deeds and gallant service," are the proud songs of the poet.

The literature of every country is always, in some degree, influenced by the prevailing spirit of the times, and the character of passing events. The dull inactivity to which the luxuriant of milder climes are so closely bound, deprives the mind of its vigor, and the productions of the mind are characterized rather by a languishing beauty than an inspiring strength. The soft strains of Italian song, and the mellowed and chastened lustre of an Italian sky are strikingly harmonious, and the former can only result from nature reflecting its own hues upon the soul. The busy and energetic tone which distinguishes the less congenial climes, is found in the strength and vigor which the mind assumes; and among the wild and romantic scenes where nature is arrayed in awful magnificence, where all that meets the eye looks like power, working with reckless pleasure its own will, and heaping up mountains, and piling cliffs over cliffs in fearful grandeur, we look for brave hardihood in character and nerve, and boldness in thought. Literature is but an expression of the feelings and sentiments of the heart. It is but a transcript of the impressions which the mind receives and the emotions which it sustains in contemplating the world without, or musing upon the strange and wonderful works of the world within. But literature has not a fixed and substantial character. It changes with the

changing scene. The mind, which contemplates and acts, wears the hue and embodies the spirit which animates the scene about it. There indeed are some who seem not dependent on times, nor events, nor circumstances; some minds there have been which seem to have taken a proud stand, to be longed for and admired, but not reached, by hosts of contemporaries and followers. And were it not that there were such, who, bending their gaze on greatness, have blenched not till it was within their grasp, though every thing seemed to unite to bind them down to insignificance, we might doubt that nature had only given men different dispositions and susceptibilities, while the powers of mind were all of the same kind. But this is a hard doctrine when we think of such men as Homer and Milton, Bacon and Newton. When we wander with the former through the rich field of thought which they have spread out before us, when we follow them in their high imaginings to the temples of gods, when we are made to mingle in the turmoil and shouts and din of battle; and are led through the gardens where innocence reigns in its surpassing loveliness; or to the hateful throne of the prince of darkness; when we are thus borne on from scene to scene, where the poet's thought has wandered, we cannot but think there is something original, something excellent in the gifts with which such minds are endowed. We cannot, for a moment, reconcile the thought that the bards who live in deathless song, those who still breathe inspiration from the silent eloquence of the page, while the sounds which once bore their lofty thoughts are forgotten among men, that such are allied, not merely by birth from the same common stock, but by minds which are the same in nature and in power, with the degraded, the abject, the almost brutal savage, who runs his round of sensual delights, or the slave, whose whole energy is expended for a wretched support of a still more wretched life. Nor can we think that less than an uncommon gift could have formed such minds as Bacon and Newton; could have given them that unfeigned second sight, which, from sound investigations, connected causes and effects with a certainty so unerring; that power which rolled off from the philosophy of mind and nature those coverings of mystery and error which had clouded the one, and concealed the workings of the other. There is much in education. There is much

to be expected by culture. But there are differences and peculiarities which are marked and striking, even in those whose names will be forgotten when their breath has ceased. To some knowledge comes in like a flowing stream; to others every acquisition is but the fruit of toil and labor. To some every thing is the source of joy, and their ardor seems to carry them onward above the care and troubles of life; others are only slowly dragging their way with darkness on all sides, and difficulties and delays at every step. We would not be thought to advocate the opinion that all the diversities in mind and disposition are the direct allotments of Providence, in received gifts. We strongly believe that energy and exertion do much for the slow and the dull. We do not argue that all who feel unkindly and brood over ills and evils, and bear themselves aloof in gloomy solitude, were cursed by nature with unsocial, inhuman souls. Misanthropy, so far as it can exist, seems to be an acquired disposition. It is the mind labouring under disappointment, the spirit broken down by calamity, the affections stifled by coldness and neglect. It is not nature. For however long may have been the bondage, however deep have been the hatred of man, however blackened the character may have been, and however dead to all that honors and exalts humanity, there are times when nature will break forth, when sorrows will melt the long relentless heart, and the breast which has felt no sympathy be softened and subdued. Nature may be improved by culture, or her gifts may be perverted or neglected. Though the poet be heir to his high and quick feelings, though the philosopher is endowed with a stronger power, with a peculiar faculty adapted to the search for wisdom, yet if the one or the other is confined to untoward circumstances and an uncongenial soil, the growth of mind must be weak and stinted. A.

AN ESSAY ON THE DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge is power—moral, intellectual, and physical power. Its secret springs are detected in the simple, rude state of savage life, and its power is completely developed in

refined and polished society. We see it diffuse itself through all the different classes of the community, under the wise administration of monarchical power, as well as under the free government of a republic. But we have seen it ere now checked in its advancement, borne down by superstition or fanaticism, but we have also seen it rise superior to them all, breaking through every barrier, and surmounting every obstacle in its way. Men now *feel* and acknowledge its power. It has entered their souls. Happily it was not left for this age to learn, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." But there have been times when men were ignorant of the truth of this adage; when they would throw off learning as they would a garment, and marshall all their forces in array against it. But it clung to them, like the vine to the sapling, which curls the more closely, the more you would disentangle it. Some, who could not rid themselves of it, have thought to decry it, and have at once bid defiance to its power. But it asserted and maintained its native dignity and beauty; it spoke to men in a voice of thunder, and they recoiled from its increasing might. They vainly thought to weaken and undermine its power; they have hurled the weapons of ridicule and the shafts of satire at it, but their weapons have rebounded and fallen with double force upon those who wielded them. They became victims to the mischief which they could not inflict. But men begin now to see the folly of their ways; they have become true votaries to literature; they now bear to her temple the well earned trophies of their labor, thought, and research. They hang around her shrine the unfading festoon of letters, and the blooming garlands which they have woven in the fields of science and taste.

Knowledge is moral power. It educates the heart as well as the mind; it matures and ripens it for a full harvest. It points the soul upward from whence it came; it paints virtue in her fairest and most lively colors, and vice in her most odious ones. It marks out the best rules of action, and prescribes the best mode of conforming to them; it lays open the most noble feelings of the heart, and distils into it the sweetest drops of virtue and religion. It teaches man, when its power is first developed, that all are born free, and that equality is the only true relation of man to man. It is knowledge, as moral power, which rears churches throughout our

country, for the dissemination of moral and religious principles; and it is knowledge, as moral power, which builds up our prisons for the suppression of vice and the promotion of virtue. It is knowledge, as moral power, which insinuates itself into the tender heart of the young, and points out to it the way it should go. Vice flees its presence, but virtue courts its insinuating addresses. The moral power of knowledge must be felt, to have it in its fullest strength. The moral energies of man must be kept from slumbering; knowledge awakens them from their repose, and calls them into exercise.

Knowledge is intellectual power. It educates the mind, and brings into action its powers and secret energies. It shows what the mind can do; it lays open its susceptibilities, and strengthens and improves them. It raises its arm, and no one can withstand or gainsay; it speaks, and is heard; for it speaks in a voice like that of many waters, mighty and tremendous. It is knowledge, as intellectual power, which sends the greatest works of genius from one end of the world to the other. It is knowledge, as intellectual power, which burdens the press with the efforts of the mind, and sends volumes of science, literature, and taste throughout the community. It is knowledge, *felt* as intellectual power, which rears schools for the education of the infant mind, and it is this alone that builds up colleges and seminaries of learning in our country, for the education of more mature minds. It is knowledge, as intellectual power, which enables man to communicate his thoughts with all the lively coloring that refinement can give them. Knowledge works its way into the mind by degrees, by mild and gentle steps, and, before we are aware, the mind is matured and strengthened. This is the case when knowledge is *felt* as true intellectual power. It takes hold upon the mind of man with an iron grasp, and it often does not quit its hold, till it has subdued the most secret springs, and set all its latent and dormant powers in full and complete action. It triumphs over ignorance and superstition, and gains the victory in its combat with authority and arbitrary power. It braves the storms which frequently gather around it, and it emerges afterwards under the auspices of a calm and serene sky. It tears away the veil of darkness which has been often thrown over it, and appears again with

its native light, in a day of bright sunshine. This is the advancement of knowledge, felt as intellectual power.

Knowledge is physical power. It in a manner educates nature; for she assumes, as it advances, a loftier and fairer aspect. It is knowledge, as physical power, which pulls away the mighty forests that cover our land. It was this that turned the trees of our coast into timber, and piled them up for the abodes of man. We see the advancement of knowledge as physical power in glancing at the rude hut of the true native of these shores, and keeping in our eye, at the same time, the magnificence and elegance of more modern buildings. This shows its physical power. It is this, too, that sends the steam-boat across our rivers, and we see its vast physical power, when we compare this with the rude, though fleet sailing canoe of the Indian. It is knowledge, felt as true physical power, which in a sense civilizes man, and embellishes society, by bringing it from a rude and simple state to one of refinement. It cuts roads through the different sections of our country, and enables us to travel from one end of the Union to the other. It leads canals from one place to another, and gives man an opportunity of travelling as well by water as by land. Knowledge, *felt* as physical power, can remove mountains. It is stronger than the sword, and does as much execution, though of a very different nature. Knowledge, felt as true physical power, makes nature herself blush, or at least she is continually changing her aspect and features as it advances.

But that knowledge should have its full force, it must be felt, at the same time, as moral, intellectual, and physical. These combined, give an entire new face to the world. When they are properly mingled and blended together, the true equilibrium of society is preserved, and its happiest ends answered. We can best see the infinite use of their union, when we think for a moment what the world would be, if they must be separate and distinct. All would be chaos and confusion; society would be wrecked, and return to barbarism and ignorance. But, happily, this cannot be the case. Nature has ordained that moral, intellectual, and physical knowledge should walk hand in hand, and keep constant pace together. The consequence is the harmony, symmetry and proportion that at present obtain in the different parts of society.

M. A. C.

POETRY.

I'LL THINK OF THEE.

I'LL think of thee, when the heart is light,
When 't is overborne with sorrow,
And when no sky is seen that 's bright,
No sun to gild the morrow.

I 'll think of thee in days of sadness,
When the star of gloom is reigning;
I 'll think of thee in hours of gladness,
When at last that star is waning.

I 'll think of thee when Spring 's appearing,
And its flowers are blooming fair;
When the fields their verdure wearing
Shed their fragrance on the air.

I 'll think of thee when the Summer's ray
The enamelled green is burning,
When the fruit in the scorching day
To its golden tint is turning.

I 'll think of thee when Autumn's sun,
The yellow sheaf is drying,
And when the farmer's work is done,
And the harvest time is dying.

I 'll think of thee when Winter 's nigh,
And throws her whitest garb around,
And when the flowers of Autumn die,
And the streamlets in ice are bound.

I 'll think of thee when the morning sun
Is gladly peering from the east,
And when the fields he shines upon
In dew-drops lay, the eyes to feast.

And I 'll think of thee, when evening's veil
Is spread in darkness round,
And when the silvery moon we hail,
And mirth and song abound.

I 'll think of thee when the lightning's glare
Is hurrying madly by,
When storms and tempests cleave the air,
Careering along the sky.

I 'll think of thee when the tempest 's o'er,
And the breezes gently play,
When the lark is heard along the shore,
Sweet harbinger of the day.

I 'll think of thee as one who never
Wished friendship's ties were rent in twain,
Or sought those lovely ties to sever,
In hours of joy in hours of pain.

I 'll think of thee when danger 's round thee,
And when thy bark is tossing high,
When the charms to life that bound thee
Can no longer charm the eye.

I 'll think of thee when joys are highest,
And the brightest days await thee,
But never let—when the highest,
Those fleeting joys elate thee.

I'll think of thee when my evening prayer
Ascends to the Almighty's throne;
And think—oh! think of me, whene'er
You kneel to the Holy One. S. C.

THE BRIDAL NIGHT.

It was the bridal night, and the young bride
Sat blushing there. *He* looked, and turned aside;
And in that laughing circlet shone one tear.
Was it of joy?—Of grief?—Why shone it here?

The lights grew dim, and dark the bridal wreath;
And mirth smiled faintly. Eyes looked dull beneath
Their heavy lids. It was more gay to me
Within my lonely chamber. Cheerfully
The flickering blaze rose up, and I sat there,
Musing awhile, with vague and vacant air.

* * * * * *

Again he stood beside me; the faint blaze
Burst briefly up, and threw some sudden rays
Upon his colorless features; and went down
Again as briefly: yet that flash had shown
A lip—an eye, and forehead, that to me
Spoke with an eloquent voice, fearfully.
A look of passionate feeling, too intense
And overwhelming for the enduring sense,
And yet endured; all masterless, yet subdued;
With a fierce clenched hand, and lips as glued.
'Twas but a moment. On the ready chair
I bade him sit, and then with a free air

Clasped his cold hand in friendly welcoming,
Then lit my lamp, and with a careless fling
Chanted a merry stave or two; then took
From out my little pile a favorite book,
And said I longed to hear the melody
Of his full voice, and bade him read to me.
He took it with a labored smile, and read
Two lines, then threw it by. "I loved," he said
Abruptly, as he threw the book away,
"I loved her more than heaven. Yes, I say,
She was to me dearer than all the bliss
That God to swerveless virtue promises;
And that she loved *me* too, her passionate blush,
As her sweet lips have told me—now—"
The rush
Of memory came over him, and he—
He spoke no word, his lips moved silently. M.

A REVERIE.

In moments of joy when the spirits are flowing,
How Memory delights to wander away;
And Fancy to paint in colors life-glowing,
The bright hours of bliss that enlivened our day.

But where are they now? they come o'er the soul
With a soft tinge of sorrow in beauty combined;
And the memory of friends gives a charm to the whole.
That spells with enchantment the deep feeling mind.

The gay tones of mirth full quickly are fled,
For a pleasure more solemn and deeper by far;
The pleasing communion with scenes that are sped,
Which nothing of earth for a season may mar.

The sprits of those whom we loved in their lives,
From heaven's bright dwelling in radiance descend:
The victim of death in glory revives,
A short moment we list to the voice of a *Friend*.

The sorrows of earth for a time are forgot,
Amid the pure rapture of hours like these,
And the grief and the care that belong to our lot
Die softly away in calmness and peace. P. Q.

LINES.

On Fancy's wing I soared above
The clouds that shade this vale,
To regions where sweet peace and love
In heavenly mansions dwell.

Methought what bliss it was to rove
'Mid scenes so passing fair;
Melodious notes cheered every grove,
And flowers perfumed the air.

A gentle zephyr breathed around,
And kissed the blooming rose;
Soft murmuring springs gushed from the ground,
And lured to sweet repose.

But ah! the vision, like a dream,
Too quickly passed away,
Upon my soul the blissful gleam
Shed but a transient ray.

The world, with all its anxious cares,
Disturbed the flitting show;
And still I found it only bears
To each his meed of woe. P. Q.

LINES.

Lovely maiden, maiden gay,
Changeful still as dancing May ;
Now all sadness, now all glee :
Daughter of Mnemosyne,
Offspring of immortal love ;
For she met enamoured Jove,
And spite of jealous Juno's care,
So blithe a damsel to him bare.
Then hail ! divinest child of heaven,
Noblest boon to mortals given,
Soother of life's morn and even.
Hail ! Enchantress, hail to thee,
Heaven descended Poesy.

Poesy, delightful maid,
Sweetest tenant of the shade,
Ever youthful, ever blooming,
Modest, coy, and unassuming ;
All unseen by vulgar eye ;
Dwelling with the spirit high,
Dwelling with the soul sublime,
That scorns the bounds of earth and time ;
That stays till mind and sense be riven,
Impatient for the joys of heaven ;
That starts not when the rolling thunder
Rends the trembling earth asunder ;
But a dauntless bosom bares,
And the raging tempest dares ;
Quails not, when the cannon's roar,
Tells of men that live no more.
When the mighty son of Ocean,

Rushing by in wild commotion,
Bears upon his crimson tide
The sons of passion, envy's pride;
And dashes to his troubled bed
Alike the dying and the dead.

But though his spirit owns no fear,
Yet he can shed the silent tear;
For thou know'st a softer feeling,
Gently o'er the spirit stealing.
Sorrow thou canst bid to cease,
Whisper to the mourner, peace;
Calm the tumult of the soul,
Passion, hatred, pride, control.
Scatter, as a breath of air,
All the horrors of despair;
Cheer the wearied with thy voice,
And make the broken heart rejoice.
Then deign, oh! deign to dwell with me,
Heaven descended Poesy.